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THE PROJECT.

A POEM.

DEDICATED TO

DEAN TUCKER.

Verum, ubi, tempeſtas, et cæli mobilis humor
Mutavêre vias, et Jupiter uvidus Auſtris
Denſat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ denſa, relaxat;
Vertuntur ſpecies animorum;——

VIRGIL.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

REVEREND SIR,

I SHOULD not take the liberty to recommend a mere *Poem* to your attention, were it not, in ſome degree, *ſanctified* by the ſubject of which it treats; and more particularly entitled to your regard from the great purpoſe it is deſigned to promote---For, *the Project* relates to *Politicks*; that weighty ſcience, which, according to your candid confeſſion, is at leaſt of equal importance with Religion---And the object it aims at, is the ſame with regard to *all* our political diſputes, as yours avowedly is upon the *one* great conteſt of the preſent times---To cut off the diſtempered *bough*, was *your* Project; *mine* ſtrikes at the very *root* of all oppoſition.

It was in conſequence of an attentive peruſal of your *Tracts*, that I ſet myſelf to ſearch for this *grand Arcanum*.---After ranging in vain through Grotius, Burlamaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Monteſquieu's Spirit of Laws, without making the leaſt diſcovery---But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils---I need not refreſh your memory with the particulars of his ſyſtem upon the relation between climate and national character---It would, however, be great preſumption to arrogate to myſelf the merit of a diſcovery, which I owe entirely to the great Monteſquieu---It is from that profound Philoſopher that I have learnt to account for all the variations of temper, by the operation of the atmoſphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By

DEDICATION.

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce ſimilar degrees of cowardice or courage---ſo that it ſolely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkiſh ſlavery, or braced and hardened to Engliſh freedom---Upon this foundation my Project is raiſed---which I ſubmit to your wiſdom and candour---but, as moſt Projectors are of a ſanguine temper, and, I own, I entertain no doubt of the full ſucceſs of *my* Project, I cannot conclude, without proteſting againſt that *Nolo Epiſcopari* which accompanied *yours*---Nothing can be more oppoſite to my ſentiments than your total abjuration of all poſſible reward for your political labours ---On the contrary, I hereby moſt ſolemnly engage to receive, with great readineſs, any and every honourable recompence that theſe my reſearches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wiſdom to beſtow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

Reverend Sir,

Your moſt devoted Diſciple.

The AUTHOR.

THE

PROJECT.

SINCE ſage philoſophers aver,
That *climate* forms the *character*;
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,
Juſt as its air is hot or cold;
What ſchemes might crafty ſtateſmen lay,
If ſuch a ſyſtem they'd obey?
  Suppoſe the Turks, who now agree
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,
Should build an ice-houſe, to debate
More *cooly* on affairs of ſtate,
Might not ſome Muſſulmen be brought,
To brace their minds, nor ſhrink at thought?

How, as their blood began to cool,
Would nature ſcorn deſpotic rule?
The ſilken ſons of ſlaviſh eaſe,
Wou'd glow for freedom, while they *freeze*;
And in proportion to the coldneſs,
Diſcover latent fire and boldneſs.

For thus 'tis Monteſquieu explains
The power of air upon the veins;
The ſhort'ning fibres brac'd by cold,
The blood flies back, the heart grows bold,
Relax'd by heat, their force declines,
The ſpirits droop, the being pines:
Till, quite o'erpower'd, the ſick'ning ſoul,
Yields to the atmoſphere's controul.
Thus air each impulſe can impart,
To that *thermometer*, the heart.
Thanks, mighty Jove, thy ſovereign care,
Environs us with Northern air!
Our atmoſphere to honour leads,
Inſpires the breaſt to hardy deeds;

The heart beats quick;---the ſpirits riſe;
All which our *latitude* ſupplies.
Yet, for extremes ev'n virtue mar,
We ſometimes carry ours too far:
When winter winds too chilly pierce,
We grow impatient, wild and fierce;
While every ſofter virtue flies,
To gentler climes, and milder ſkies.
To moderate this bold extreme,
Is oft the philoſophick theme;
Senſe, wit, and policy combine;
But ſtill too learnedly refine.
The ſyſtem's plain, if well purſued;
We muſt correct our *latitude*.

How many *Queſtions* have been loſt,
By the houſe meeting in a *froſt?*
The oppoſition flock together,
Like ſtrings of wild geeſe, in hard weather;
Keen, as the blaſt that chills their blood,
They nip each miniſterial bud:

The tender bloom of *ways and means*,
That *North* with wit and wiſdom ſcreens,
Too oft their adverſe influence feels,
Shrinks from the ſtorm, and half congeals;
That, ev'n in all his bluſhing grace,
Rigby ſcarce thaws them, with---his *face*.

Whence then, in ſpite of ſenſe and reaſon,
Do ſtateſmen chooſe *this* adverſe ſeaſon?
Why not the parliament adjourn,
Till ſummer's *genial ſuns* return?
But ah, what honeſt ſquire would ſtay
To make his *ſpeech*, inſtead of *hay*?
The *Beaux* would ſcarcely think of law,
To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa*':
And ſay ye *ſportſmen*, wou'd a member
Attend *St. Stephen's* in September?

Winter, ſtern power! muſt ſtill create
The kindred ſtorms of mad debate;
Still, by the climate's magic power,
Muſt gloomy ſtateſmen droop, and low'r,

Unleſs

Unleſs ſome *Project* we can frame
To ſooth its rage, its rigour tame.
A ſimple plan the muſe explains;
Nor aſks a patent for her pains.
In either houſe, below the chairs,
Where *Bathurſt* rules, and *Norton* glares,
There ſtands a table, where they place
The votes, the journals, and the mace:
" Hence with that bauble!" Cromwell cried;
And wiſely too; 'tis uſeleſs pride;
Hence with it all! it fills a place
A nobler ornament ſhall grace.
Here, with capacious bulk, profound
As Falſtaff's paunch, as *Plymouth*'s round,
A vaſt *Buzaglo*, day by day,
Shall chaſe the noxious blaſts away,
And ſpread an artificial glow;
Tho' Palace-yard is wrapt in ſnow,
Around the flame, with veſtal pride,
A *Fire-Committee* ſhall preſide,

Ballotted by the ſame directions
As *Grenville's lottery for elections*;
With *Nominees*, to feed the fire,
And make it ſpread, and blaze the higher;
And *Chairmen* more ſedately ſage,
To quench its too exceſſive rage.

The fuel, for ſuch deep deſigns,
Nor ſprings from groves, nor lurks in mines;
Combuſtibles for ſtate affairs
The preſs more ſpeedily prepares;
The teeming preſs ſhall hither ſcatter
Rheams of inflammatory matter;
Here, "thoughts that glow and words that burn"
To their own element ſhall turn;
But, ſhifted from their author's aims,
Shall ſpread more ſalutary flames.

Almon, by contract, ſhall provide
The libels *vamp'd* for either ſide,
And ſtipulate throughout the ſeaſon
To furniſh proper ſtock of treaſon.

How

How bright will the Buzaglo glow,
While heaps of *Junius* blaze below?
What ardours will *Plain truth* diſpenſe
Fir'd with a page of *Common ſenſe?*
Yet in a moment 'twill be ſlack'd,
By thruſting in *Dean Tucker's tract*;
Again 'twill kindle in a trice,
Refreſh'd with ſcraps of *Dr. Price*;
Now moulders ſlow with clumſy ſmoke,
While *Johnſon*'s fogs each paſſage choak;
Now hiſs, and ſputter, and beſmear
The houſe with brimſtone of *Shebbeare.*
O flattering hope, whoſe gilded ray,
Too oft bids raptur'd fancy ſtray!
Thy ſhadowy forms the muſe deceive,
Or time ſhall bid her *Project* live.
Already, by thy fond preſage,
Her bleſt *Buzaglo* melts the age;
Relenting Party feels its ſway;
And Faction's vapours die away.

Behold

Behold the buſy hour approaches,
When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coaches,
Rattle with ſenators each ſtreet in,
Impatient for the firſt days meeting:
Mark well what looks! what anxious hopes!
Some con their metaphors and tropes;
Some, more ſecure, for fear of flaw,
Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras*;
Whence, if the treacherous memory halts,
The glancing eye repairs its faults.
But, lo! the royal cavalcade!
The trumpets ſounds; the ſignals made;
The Tower-guns tell the *ſpeech* begun;
They fire again;---the *ſpeech* is done.
Now let the full *Buzaglo* glow!
Spread wide the flame above, below;
Now, *Monteſquieu*, thy wiſdom ſhines;
Thy ſyſtems true, 'tis heat refines:
Its genial influence all adore;
And oppoſition is no more.

From

From bench to bench, in ſpite of gout,
The ſoften'd *Chatham* moves about:
" My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d' ye do?
" I like the ſpeech; 'twas penn'd by you.
" America has gone too far;
" We muſt ſupport ſo juſt a war:
" Its better than to put a curb on
" The Spaniard, or the Houſe of Bourbon.
" Good day my Lord! I cou'd ſay more;
" But I muſt talk to *dear Lord Gower*."
Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne*'s brows;
How graciouſly to *Bute* he bows?
See *Camden* ſitting as a friend by
Mansfield! ſee *Richmond* cloſe to *Denbigh*;
Ev'n ſolid *Devonſhire* relents;
He ſmiles and votes with the *Contents*;
While *Abingdon*, at *Markham*'s nod,
Kiſſes the *magiſterial* rod.

Their leaders gone, it follows duly
The plaſtick minds of *Corke* and *Beaulieu*,

With half a ſcore of ſilent votes,
Obey the times, and change their notes.
And ah, if *Fitzroy*'s whim requires,
Ev'n *Hinchcliff*'s eloquence expires!
What wonder then their Lordſhip's preſs
Without diviſion, the *Addreſs*?

Now haſte my muſe, at Fancy's ſummons,
To try thy Project on the *Commons*.
A ſecret ſympathy eſpouſes
The upper and the lower houſes:
Thus half thy work's already done;
Where *Chatham* hobbles, *Granby* 'll run.
If *Rockingham* became a *Turk*,
How *Mahomet* wou'd ſhine on *Burke*?
He'd ſend him his enlight'ning pidgeon:
For party zeal is *Burke*'s religion.

But ſome there are of firmer frame;
For them muſt the *Buzaglo* flame:
Grenville's with ſtubborn ſenſe endued;
Saville but lives for publick good.

Yet

Yet if ambition, or the weather
Some gloomy diſcontent ſhould gather,
The temper'd air ſhall chaſe offence;
And blend good humour with good ſenſe.
Behold at length ev'n *Barre* ſoften!
"I riſe to oppoſe," He murmur'd often:
But finding that, he knows not how,
Reluctant praiſe his words allow,
The hardy veteran ſits him down;
Yet gives the *Treaſury Bench* a frown.
Now mark the *Stateſmen* of the *City!*
Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil! *Hayley* witty!
Sawbridge, ſo chang'd the ſcene appears,
Conſents to keep *his* ſeat ſeven years;
Ev'n *Bull*, the ſavage *Bull*, looks tame!
And melts before the conq'ring flame.
Not ſo the *Luttrell*'s, in deſpair
The clamorous band beſiege the chair.
"I burn, I burn," old *Irnham* cries:
The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wiſe;

But

But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge
Themſelves, 'tis breach of privilege;
And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in
Againſt this barb'rous ſtop to talking:
In vain; the Houſe enjoy th' effect
And the *Buzaglo* all protect.
But *Fox*, more warily, to gain
His dear delight to rail again,
Moſt humbly moves, ſince they approve
This potent wonder-working ſtove,
Leſt ſome unſeen miſchance enſue,
They'd have a *Ventilator* too.
Tho' plauſible his *Project* fails;
Thine, happy Muſe, alone prevails.
The vanquiſh'd *Charles* to *Almack*'s fled,
The *Speech* is prais'd; the *Addreſs* is read;
The *Queſtion* carried nemine con;
The *Houſe* is up; the buſineſs done.

11 : 7 : 49

F I N I S.